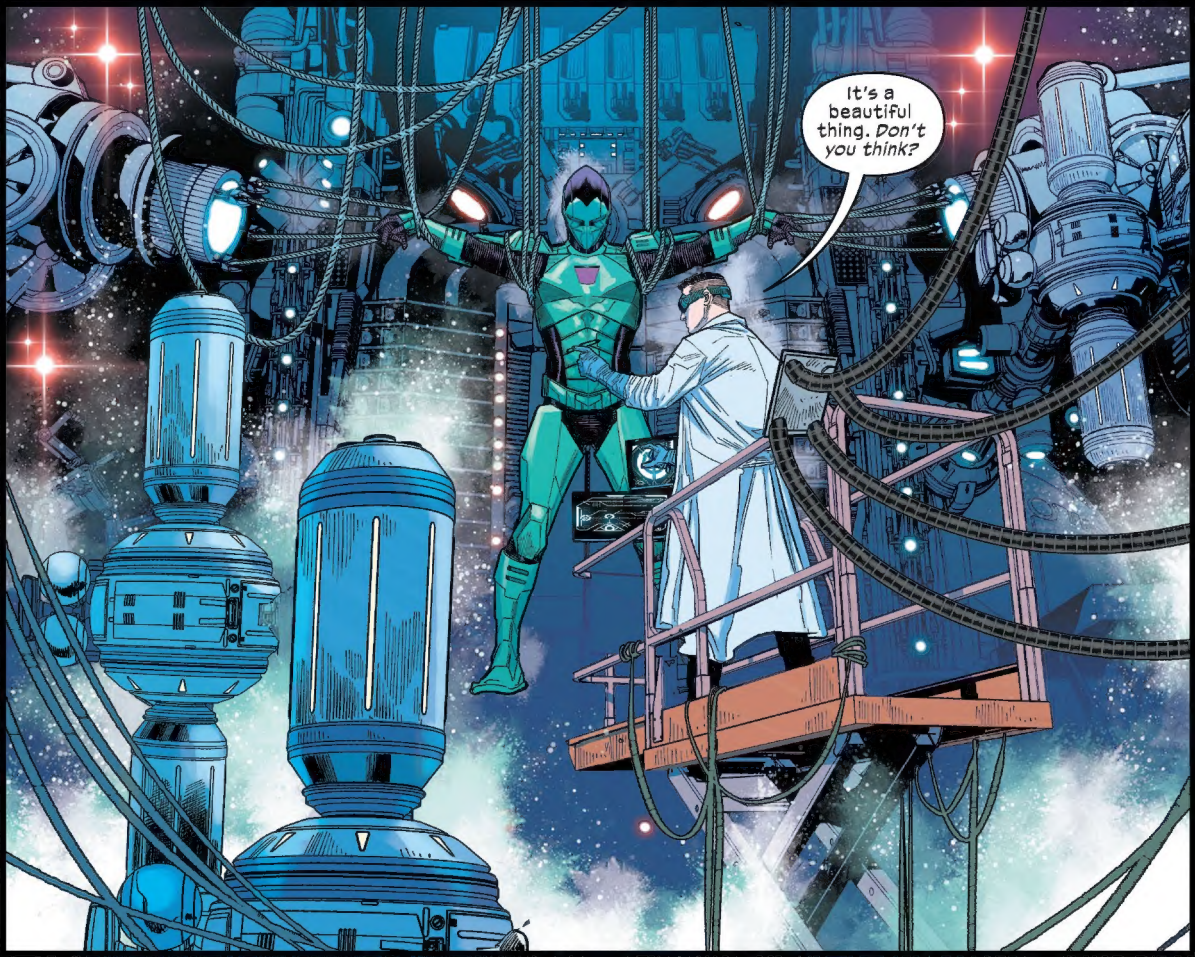
MARVEL
OSCORP
INDUSTRIES
User: Dr. OTTO OCTAVIUS
Password: **********
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
MARK 004
7
RADIOACTIVE SPIDER
PICOTECH
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | WILSON
JULY. 2024 | RATED T

JULY

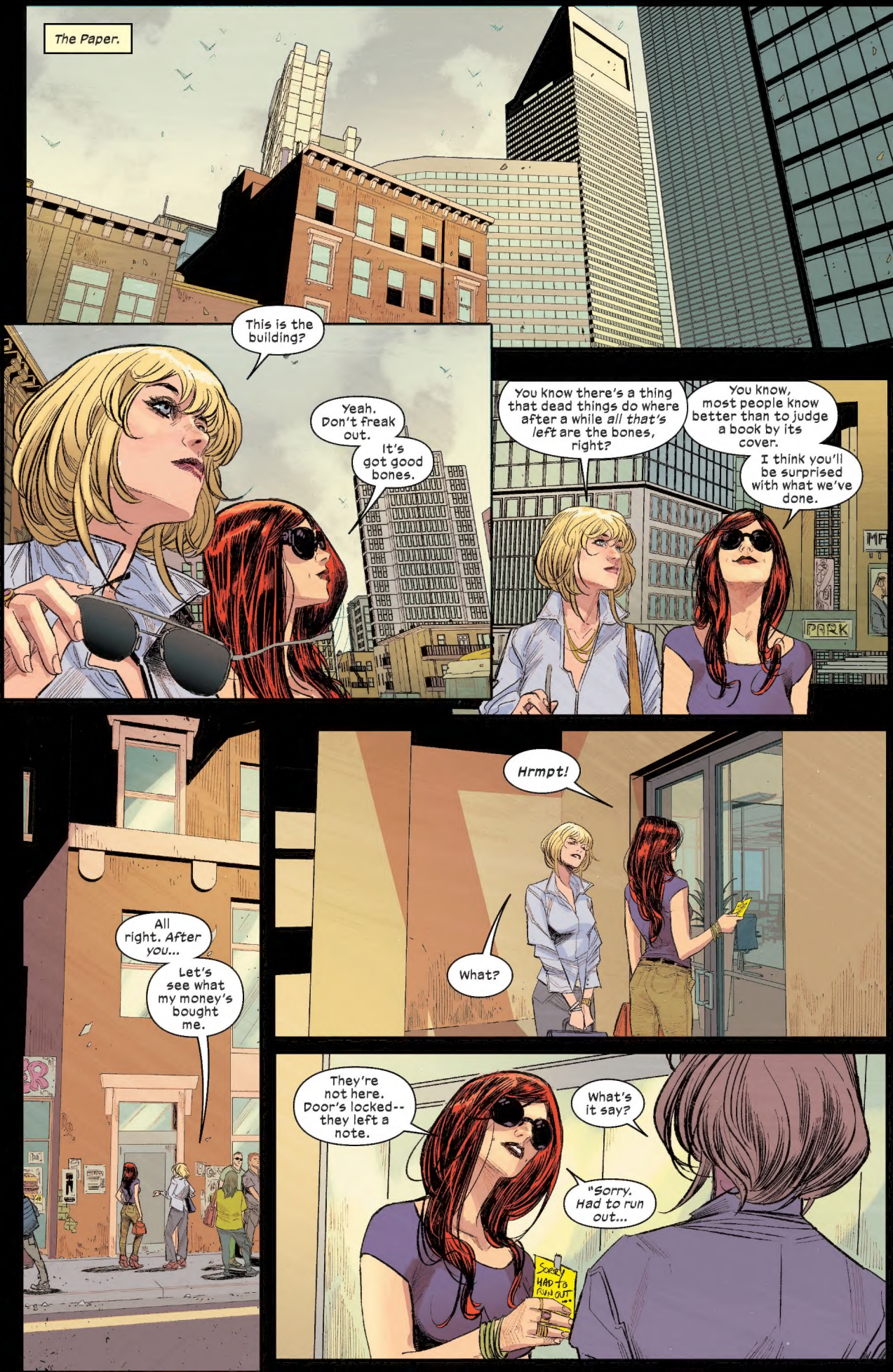


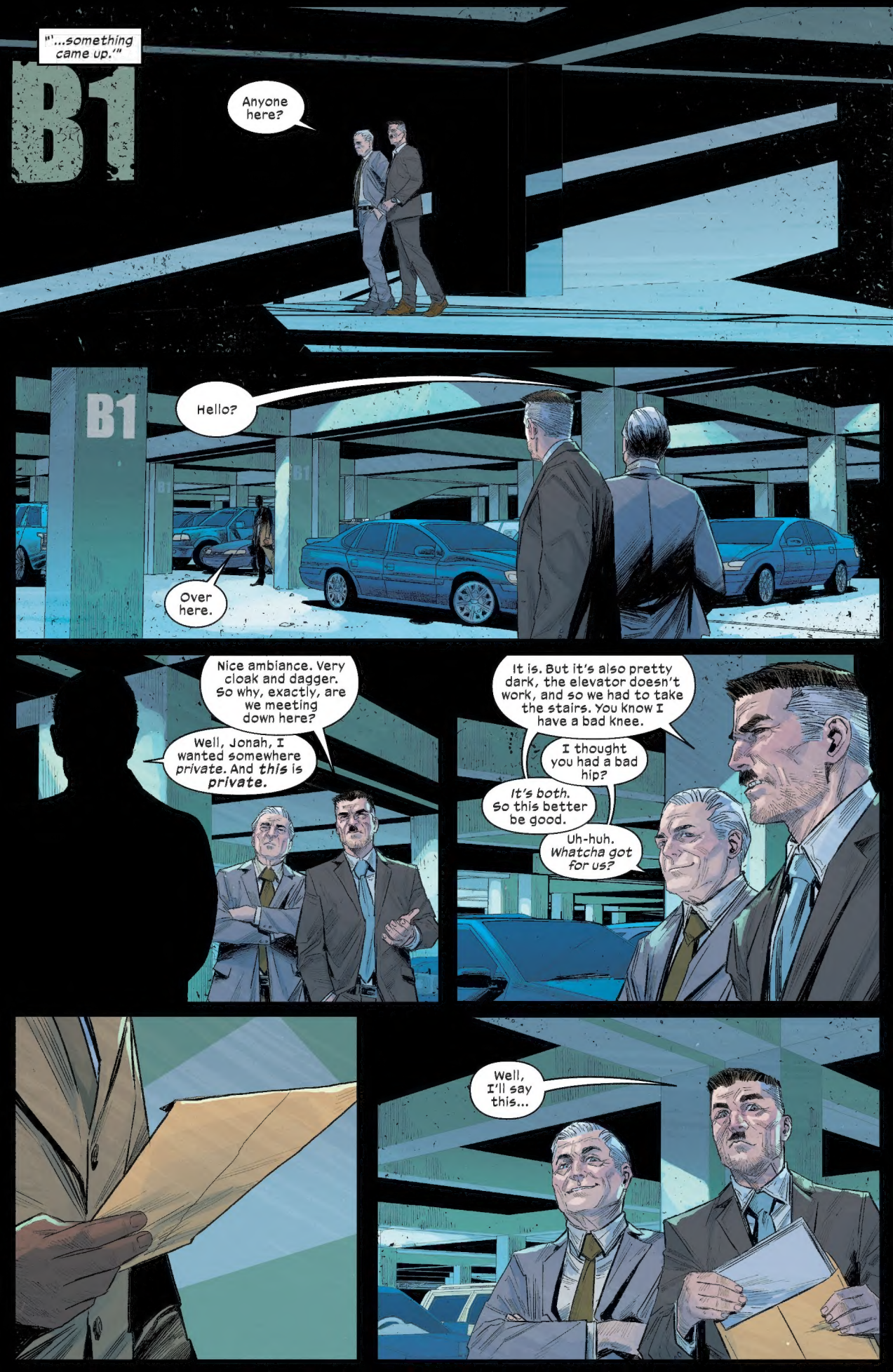
Sure. I guess.
Who are you again?
This is Otto Octavius. Graduated from high school at 12, had his master's degree by 16, after that he was hand-picked by my dad to be Oscorp's resident big brain.
Dad said Otto reminded him a lot of me...if I actually had a work ethic, was reliable, and had anything remotely resembling an above-average intelligence.
Come on, Harry. You know that's not true...
Mostly.
As for the suit, this thing is so well-designed... complicated, but elegant. I do, however, think I've finally got my head wrapped around it.
See? What can I say? Dad could really pick 'em.
And why again do we need someone helping us?
Do you understand this stuff? At all?
...
Not a bit.
Well, there you go...

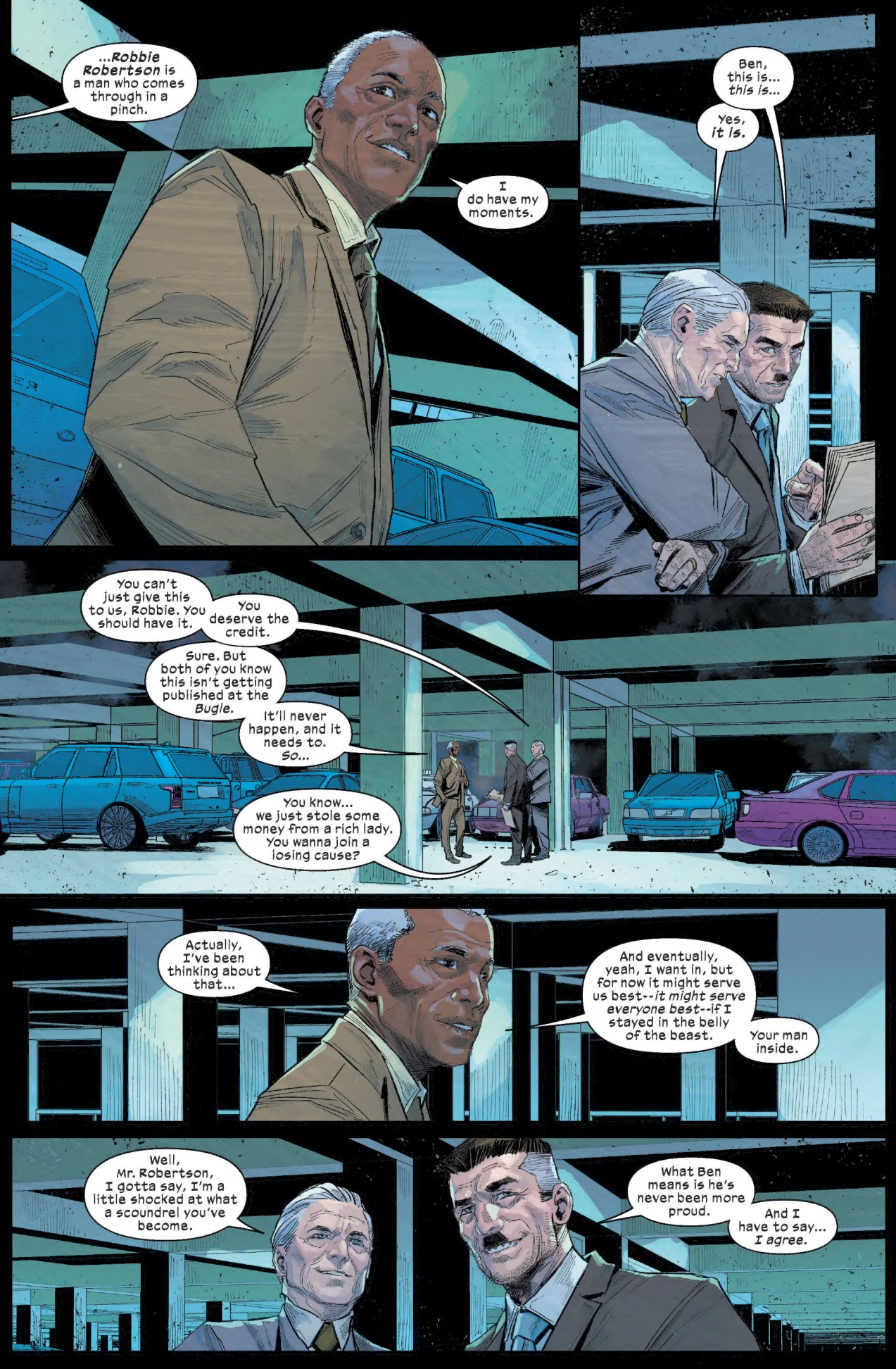
So here's where we're at:
Your suits are both Stark tech, but they were built using two completely different types of engineering.
Call it Stark 1.0...
...and Stark 2.0.
Harry, your suit is basically a dedicated piece of very sophisticated hardware. Top-of-the-line. Flawlessly constructed. If pressed, I'd actually call it the perfect war machine.
I mean, it's more than that. Sure. Navigation, propulsion and an onboard A.I. that's... well, I'll get back to that, but...
As a piece of tech, I can get inside it, customize it, do whatever we want. We own it now. Top to bottom. Back to front.
But this... this picotech suit of yours...
...it's beyond that. Highly adaptable, transformative and, well...
SCHNPRKT
Hey!
...that's going to take a bit more time.

Are you sure about this, Harry? He seems--
It's fine. When he gets like this, just let him cook.
...
You'll see.
Save you for later...
Anyway... where was I? Oh yeah, so both suits run on the same network. They don't have to--*they can operate independently*--but while they do, they're subject to network commands.
Which is how Harry shut your suit down the first time the two of you met.
Well, we're definitely going to put an end to that.
Heh. Fair enough. *Next on the to-do list.*
But here's the amazing thing about the suits. Up to now, they've both been running in a kind of safe mode.
They actually have an onboard A.I. that you can use for anything... combat analysis, life support, any kind of higher-function problem-solving really...
We just need to turn them on and give them a profile to map to.
A profile?

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
AESAR
MAHATMA GANDHI
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
TAVIUS
Yes. Think of it as a personality... but it's more than that, really, more like a base-level consciousness.
I've prepared several archetypes to choose from. Napoleon. Lincoln. Caesar. Gandhi. I even made one of me, should you be so inclined.
So what will it be?
Well...
I like to talk to myself.
Not sure that offers the most bang for your buck, but your suit is more than capable of copying the brain patterns of its host.
What about you, Harry? You've always struck me as the Caesar type.
So. If you have enough data, can you construct a profile from historical or personal records?
If they're extensive enough... and if we have access to them.
...
I don't think that'll be a problem.
Then, sure, it should work.
Who'd you have in mind?
My dad.


The Paper.
This is the building?
Yeah. Don't freak out.
It's got good bones.
You know there's a thing that dead things do where after a while *all that's left* are the bones, right?
You know, most people know better than to judge a book by its cover.
I think you'll be surprised with what we've done.
PARK
All right. *After you...*
Let's see what my money's bought me.
Hrmpt!
What?
They're not here. Door's locked-- they left a note.
What's it say?
"Sorry. Had to run out...
SORRY HAD TO RUN OUT...


"'...something came up.'"
B1
Anyone here?
B1
Hello?
Over here.
Nice ambiance. Very cloak and dagger. So why, exactly, are we meeting down here?
Well, Jonah, I wanted somewhere *private*. And ***this*** is ***private.***
It is. But it's also pretty dark, the elevator doesn't work, and so we had to take the stairs. You know I have a bad knee.
I thought you had a bad hip?
It's both. So this better be good.
Uh-huh. *Whatcha got for us?*
Well, I'll say this...


...Robbie Robertson is a man who comes through in a pinch.
I do have my moments.
Ben, this is... this is...
Yes, it is.
You can't just give this to us, Robbie. You should have it.
You deserve the credit.
Sure. But both of you know this isn't getting published at the Bugle.
It'll never happen, and it needs to. So...
You know... we just stole some money from a rich lady. You wanna join a losing cause?
Actually, I've been thinking about that...
And eventually, yeah, I want in, but for now it might serve us best--it might serve everyone best--if I stayed in the belly of the beast.
Your man inside.
Well, Mr. Robertson, I gotta say, I'm a little shocked at what a scoundrel you've become.
What Ben means is he's never been more proud.
And I have to say... I agree.

A black hole in Manhattan. A building that doesn't exist.
The building's locked down and the surrounding area's secure...
You've got a twenty-minute window, sir.
Has our guest arrived?
Yes. We have him in the Agamemnon room.
C'est une chambre si grande pour un homme si petit.
Well, let's not keep him waiting, non?

Monsieur Fisk.
...
I never met him.
It's not surprising. I always got the sense that he didn't care for people, meeting them or otherwise.
Still...
All hail the great Maker-- he who remade the world.
A towering man of vision. And now what remains are *we*... the protectors of his dream.
No small burden, is it, *Monsieur* Britain?
Non, ce n'est pas.
I understand that you've lost one of my agents?
I didn't lose him-- he just decided to up and disappear.
Or be disappeared. I've seen no body.
You don't know?
I can't confirm anything.
It happened at one of your properties. I'm surprised there's no footage of the encounter.
The assailant used some kind of close-proximity E.M.P. I've taken precautions against that happening again, but as for this, we have nothing.
A pity. *So...*

It seems you were right and I was wrong. This has grown into a much larger problem than I first believed.
A lesson I have learned myself recently.* But do not worry...I have a solution.
*See Ultimates #1. --Wil
Is that so?
It is. I come bearing gifts...
An entire team of my agents.
It embarrasses me that I lack a more subtle out...but I suppose there are worse ideas than throwing numbers at the problem...
What do you say, Monsieur Fisk?
I say... no thank you.
What?
I do not need them.
I know my adversaries can be beaten. I know how to do it. And I will do so. On my terms.
Well, look at you...behaving like a king of his own kingdom.
And will you offer me some small hint of your plan?
Just know this: I do not have...a plan.
I have six of them.

Later.
KRAAAM
Not gonna lie...
...I felt that.
Sorry.
Need a hand up?

Thanks.
So...
You get what you need?
I think so. Now we have a baseline for suit performance in a tactical scenario...
The next step is activating the suits' A.I.s and recording any changes in functionality.
But just to be clear, once they're on, they're on. I'm pretty sure we'd have to completely reboot the suits to turn them off for good. *Understand?*
Sure.
Ready when you are.
Here we go...
ZZZWWWW

Anything?
I'm not--
Oh...
All right, son...
...show me what you're made of.
Hey, Pete... sorry about this, but my father says I have to kick your ass now.
Whoa-- again--easy on the identity-ecretsey. But you know, good luck with all your daddy issues.
Speaking of dads... you know who's a good one? We are. Just the best. Love those kids. And both their birthdays are coming up. We should get them something good. Really good. I bet Harry's dad gave the worst presents. You can tell. We should take it easy on him.
Yeah.
You know what, Harry? Maybe this isn't the best idea.
No. No. We're doing this...
Hit me.

Okay, but remember that you asked for it.
Whoa. You couldn't do that befor--
WHAKK
Gotcha!
Good. Good.

THWIP
A fight isn't won after one good punch.
I know that.
Wooooffff!
And never let your guard down. There's always someone out there trying to beat you. Hurt you. Take everything from you.
They killed me. What do you think they'll do to you?
WWHAM
OOOOFFFF!
Soft. Soft. Soft.

Soft!
Close. But no banana.
I always wondered... just how weak you are, Harry.
You're not avenging me, son. You're embarrassing me.
I'm beginning to think I know.
HUUUFFF!

R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R!
OOOOFFF!

Ow. That hurt. We okay?
Yeah. Our diagnostics are within acceptable levels. We'll be fine.
But *he* needs *therapy*.
You think?

Well, Dad...

...how was that?
...
Acceptable.

Oh...that's odd. A *third* carrier signal?
Something's... something's...
You okay?
Need a hand?
Oh, now you go easy on me?
Heh. Don't act like you didn't get in a couple good ones.
But sorry if I went a little--
Hey!
Little problem here!
What's wrong, Otto?
Third carrier wave. Another signal on the Stark network.
I tried to lock it out, but there's a back door, and it has--
Oh. It's... it's *here.*
ZZPPT
I told you I'd be back in six months...

...and here I am.
I just have one question for you:
Are you a hero yet?
TO BE CONTINUED...